

You know the goodnesse I intend vpon you:  
Tell me but truly, but then speake the truth,  
Do you not loue my Sister?

*Bast.* In honour'd Loue.

*Reg.* But haue you neuer found my Brothers way,  
To the fore-fended place?

*Bast.* No by mine honour, Madam.

*Reg.* I neuer shall endure her, deere my Lord  
Be not familiar with her.

*Bast.* Feare not, she and the Duke her husband.

*Enter with Drum and Colours, Albany, Gonerill, Soldiers.*

*Alb.* Our very louing Sister, well be-met:  
Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his Daughter  
With others, whom the rigour of our State  
Forc'd to cry out.

*Regan.* Why is this reasond?

*Gone.* Combine together 'gainst the Enemie:  
For these domesticke and particurall broiles,  
Are not the question heere.

*Alb.* Let's then determine with th'ancient of warre  
On our proceeding.

*Reg.* Sister you'll go with vs?

*Gon.* No.

*Reg.* 'Tis most conuenient, pray go with vs.

*Gon.* Oh ho, I know the Riddle, I will goe.

*Exeunt both the Armies.*

*Enter Edgar.*

*Edg.* If ere your Grace had speech with man so poore,  
Heare me one word.

*Alb.* He ouertake you, speake.

*Edg.* Before you fight the Battaille, ope this Letter:  
If you haue victory, let the Trumpet sound  
For him that brought it: wretched though I seeme,  
I can produce a Champion, that will proue  
What is auouched there. If you miscarry,  
Your businesse of the world hath so an end,  
And machination ceases. Fortune loues you.

*Alb.* Stay till I haue read the Letter.

*Edg.* I was forbid it:

When time shall serue, let but the Herald cry,  
And he appeare againe.

*Alb.* Why farethee well, I will o're-looke thy paper.

*Enter Edmund.*

*Bast.* The Enemy's in view, draw vp your powers,  
Heere is the guesse of their true strength and Forces,  
By dilligent discouerie, but your hast  
Is now vrg'd on you.

*Alb.* We will greet the time.

*Bast.* To both these Sisters haue I sworne my loue:  
Each ielous of the other, as the stung  
Are of the Adder. Which of them shall I take?  
Both? One? Or neither? Neither can be enioy'd  
If both remaine aliue: To take the Widdow,  
Exasperates, makes mad her Sister *Gonerill*,  
And hardly shall I carry out my side,  
Her husband being aliue. Now then, wee'l vse  
His countenance for the Battaille, which being done,  
Let her who would be rid of him, deuise  
His speedy taking off. As for the mercie  
Which he intends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*,  
The Battaille done, and they within our power,

Shall neuer see his pardon: for my state,  
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

*Exit.*

### Scena Secunda.

*Alarum wit him. Enter with Drumme and Colours, Lear,  
Cordelia, and Souldiers, ouer the Stage, and Exeunt.*

*Enter Edgar, and Gloster.*

*Edg.* Heere Father, take the shadow of this Tree  
For your good hoast: pray that the right may thriue:  
If euer I returne to you againe,  
He bring you comfort.

*Glo.* Grace go with you Sir.

*Alarum and Retreat within.*

*Enter Edgar.*

*Edgar.* Away old man, giue me thy hand, away:  
King *Lear* hath lost, he and his Daughter tane,  
Giue me thy hand: Come on.

*Glo.* No further Sir, a man may not euen heere.

*Edg.* What in ill thoughts againe?

Men must endure  
Their going hence, euen as their coming hither,  
Ripenesse is all come on.

*Glo.* And that's true too.

*Exeunt.*

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter in conquest with Drum and Colours, Edmund, Lear,  
and Cordelia, as prisoners, Souldiers, Captaine.*

*Bast.* Some Officers take them away: good guard,  
Vntill their greater pleasures first be knowne  
That are to censure them.

*Cor.* We are not the first,  
Who with best meaning haue incur'd the worst:  
For thee oppressed King I am cast downe,  
My selfe could else out-frowne false Fortunes frowne.  
Shall we not see these Daughters, and these Sisters?

*Lear.* No, no, no, no: come let's away to prison,  
We two alone will sing like Birds i'th' Cage:  
When thou dost aske me blessing, I'll kneele downe  
And aske of thee forgiuenesse: So wee'l liue,  
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh  
At gilded Butterflies: and heere (poore Rogues)  
Talk of Court newes, and wee'l talke with them too,  
Who looses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;  
And take vpon's the mystery of things,  
As if we were Gods spies: And wee'l weare out  
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,  
That ebbe and flow by th' Moone.

*Bast.* Take them away.

*Lear.* Vpon such sacrifices my *Cordelia*,  
The Gods themselves throw Incense.  
Haue I caught thee?  
He that parts vs, shall bring a Brand from Heauen,  
And fire vs hence, like Foxes: wipe thine eyes,  
The good yeares shall deuoure them, flesh and fell,

*Ere*

Ere they shall make vs weepe?  
Weele see e'm staru'd first: come.

*Exit.*

*Bast.* Come hither Captaine, hearke.

Take thou this note, go follow them to prison,  
One step I haue aduanc'd thee, if thou do'st  
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way  
To Noble Fortunes: know thou this, that men  
Are as the time is; to be tender minded  
Do's not become a Sword, thy great employment  
Will not beare question: either say thou'lt do't,  
Or thriue by other meanes.

*Capt.* He do't my Lord.

*Bast.* About it, and write happy, when th'ha'st done,  
Marke I say instantly, and carry it so  
As I haue set it downe.

*Exit Captaine.*

*Flourish. Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Soldiers.*

*Alb.* Sir, you haue shew'd to day your valiant straine  
And Fortune led you well: you haue the Captiues  
Who were the opposites of this dayes strife:  
I do require them of you so to vse them,  
As we shall find their merites, and our safety  
May equally determine.

*Bast.* Sir, I thought it fit,  
To send the old and miserable King to some retention,  
Whose age had Charms in it, whose Title more,  
To plucke the common bosome on his side,  
And turne our imprest Launces in our eies  
Which do command them. With him I sent the Queen:  
My reason all the same, and they are ready  
To morrow, or at further space, to appeare  
Where you shall hold your Session.

*Alb.* Sir, by your patience,  
I hold you but a subiect of this Warre,  
Not as a Brother.

*Reg.* That's as we list to grace him.  
Methinks our pleasure might haue bin demanded  
Ere you had spoke so farre. He led our Powers,  
Bore the Commission of my place and person,  
The which immediacie may well stand vp,  
And call it selfe your Brother.

*Gon.* Not so hot:  
In his owne grace he doth exalt himselfe,  
More then in your addition.

*Reg.* In my rights,  
By me inuested, he comes the best.

*Alb.* That were the most, if he should husband you.

*Reg.* Iesters do oft proue Prophets.

*Gon.* Hola, hola,  
That eye that told you so, look'd but a squint.

*Rega.* Lady I am not well, else I should answere  
From a full flowing stomach. Generall,  
Take thou my Souldiers, prisoners, patrimony,  
Dispose of them, of me, the walls is thine:  
Witnesse the world, that I create thee heere  
My Lord, and Master.

*Gon.* Meane you to enioy him?

*Alb.* The let alone lies not in your good will.

*Bast.* Nor in thine Lord.

*Alb.* Halfe-blood ed fellow, yes.

*Reg.* Let the Drum strike, and proue my title thine.

*Alb.* Stay yet, heare reason: *Edmund*, I arrest thee

On capitall Treason; and in thy arrest,

This gilded Serpent: for your claime faire Sisters,

I bare it in the interest of my wife,

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